

Saviour, the proud and exultant "alove" of the new master who has redeemed him. Next, he is the apostle of Christ, of Christ himself, and by his mandate; "not from men, neither through men, but through Jesus Christ and God the father, who raised him from the dead." He is an orator of passion and courage, eager "to make all men see"—not only hear, but see God's eternal purpose of liberation for them in Christ, and interpret their life and duty and destiny in the light of that revealed mystery. He is a teacher of religion, an expert of the highest rank, a master of the "wisdom and knowledge of God," or, in the speech of the day, of the philosophy and science of God; an apologist, keen, alert, cogent, skilful, and convincing; a founder and guide of churches; a traveler and a citizen; but every speech is an appeal for Christ, every controversy an evangel, every journey a mission of salvation, and if he stays in a city it is only that as a citizen he may consolidate the conquests he has won as a missionary. He says, "One thing I do," and that "one thing" is the opening of the door of faith to the Gentiles; for that he was laid hold of by Christ, and to that he gives himself with such entreaties of soul and strength of passion that his missionary activity fills his life; everything else is supplementary and instrumental; the whole redeemed and renewed man, to the last fibre of him, is subordinated to the glory of God, his Redeemer, in the salvation of men.

In his last letter to the Ephesians he appears as an aged missionary in chains. For nearly thirty years he has hazarded his life for the sake of the Gentiles; but age has not withered his hope, or persecution worn down his zeal. The divine heat burns as fiercely, say more fiercely, in the old man's soul in the Roman dungeon than when he set out to prove that Jesus is the Christ in the synagogues of Damascus. Socrates assured the Athenians that no one could go about telling them the truth, and withstanding them when they wished to go wrong, without jeopardizing his life. Paul knew that from the beginning, and having counted the cost he was prepared to pay it to the uttermost farthing. He was familiar with peril, had mastered the secret of patient endurance, and therefore "took joyfully that spoiling" of his fortunes in Jerusalem which had issued in his incarceration. Now the authorities of Rome had him in their grip, false charges had been raised upon him in a perfect hurricane, and his life hung on a thread. A temple riot, got up by the Jews because he had been seen in the streets of the holy city with Trophimus the Ephesian, ended in his arrest and arrival at the bar of Caesar as a captive; but he knew he was not Caesar's captive but Christ's, and his chains were not those of the Roman Emperor but those of his Saviour and Master. He was "Christ's prisoner." That was the real fact, Christ's prisoner, not Caesar's. Life is to us as we are to it. For Paul to live was Christ, and therefore there was music in those clanking chains and a setting free to the energies of joy and thanksgiving in an imprisonment which brought him to the very centre of the nations, and multiplied his opportunities a thousand-fold, of preaching to the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ. The prison became a pulpit, and from within the walls of the dungeon messages of salvation went on and on, echoing to the ends of the earth and to the last syllable of time.

In all this Paul is no more than a pattern Christian; a pattern of which we must be, what the whole church must be; that is first, foremost, and always missionary, everything else, supplemental and instrumental to the supreme task of conveying to men all over the earth the exhaustless wealth of Jesus. To us—"to us is this grace given" this is our highest distinction and honor, to open the door of faith to all men in all lands and in all ages; and to open it, not for a fragment, a scarcely discernible rudiment of the Christ, but for him in all the matchless fulness of the wisdom and power of his redemptive grace. The kingdom of heaven is God's heaven hid in the lump of human society, entering into it, mingling itself with it, often indistinguishable from it, and surely, if slowly, transfiguring it until every particle of the human meal is leavened with God. The church does not exist for itself; no! it dies in the attempt to live for itself. It seeks—seeks the lost, with dauntless love and quenchless enthusiasm, with insatiable desire and pleading tenderness; seeks like a mother who cannot give sleep to her eyes or rest to her heart till her babe is again on her breast; seeks and seeks on and on till it saves all, saves the very last of the lost. It shuns isolation, or only seeks it to acquire discipline and nerve for the long and toilsome search, for the mighty task of liberation. It goes; "goes," that is the word, it goes, and keeps on going with the gospel in its heart and in its hands; goes to every creature, to the whole creation. Wherever it travels that is its goal. If it seeks the deserts of Arabia it is because it is the surest route for Ephesus and Rome and Spain. If it ascends to Mount Hermon and dwells amid the transfiguring and transporting glories of communion with Moses and Elias and Christ, it is to receive the message, "not Moses, but Christ," not Elias, but Christ, the beloved Son. Hear him! and then, with the strength born of concentrated and exclusive adherence, to cast out with irrepressible ardor, all the devils that cripple and blind and madden society. The church that ceases to be missionary in spirit and in work; in experience and in achievement, loses every right to be regarded as a church of the Redeemer.

For Example's Sake.

We have been often told that it was our duty to set a good example, and receiving the advice with unquestioning meekness, we have felt it to be good advice, though somewhat trite.

But there is no great virtue in doing good deeds simply from a desire to set a worthy example to our fellows; and besides this, few will follow the example under those circumstances. A church member rallies his energies on Sunday mornings, and by dint of resolve betakes himself to the house of God, saying within himself he must set an example to his family and his neighbors, which, of course, is a good thing to do. Another crucifies his love of money, and heads a subscription list with a hundred dollars for some missionary object, repeating to himself that his position in the church requires that he set a good example to his brethren. A non-professing Christian becomes awakened to the wrong he is inflicting

on the church by continuing without the fold, and he decides that for the sake of example he will join himself by profession to the people of God. Now all these things are right to do, and moreover it is better to do right things from motives not the highest, than not to do them at all. But doing things for example's sake is often a second-best way of doing them, and not a best way. It robs the acts of half their meaning and value. A church member should attend his church because it is right to worship God and to commune with his Lord. He should give to objects of beneficence, not chiefly to influence some one else to give, but because what he owns belongs to the Lord and because it is a supreme duty to help a good cause. He should unite with the church because it is Christ's church and it is a duty he owes unto his Lord. An act performed from right and lofty motives is always more influential for good than when performed from secondary ones. If we live on a high plane, and do what faith and piety impel to, we never need trouble ourselves about the effects of our example.

Example will look after itself when the life conforms to the heavenly pattern, and no one needs be anxious about it, if integrity and devotion control the soul.

Yet there are some circumstances when it is wise to urge the doing of a right act for example's sake. It is a consideration that prevails when others are powerless. There are many things we should abstain from, not because they are evil in themselves, but because they may become occasions of evil to others: and there are things which we may refrain from doing so far as our personal character is concerned, which would injure others for us not to do them. A man who loves his cigar, and to whom it is a source of rational enjoyment, and perhaps a benefit, discovers that through his smoking others are hurt, or at least, his example is detrimental to their good, forthwith gives up the habit for example's sake. No one will question the nobleness of his act. Many illustrations might be given of how the motive of example will help us to do right things. Christians are often careless as to the effect of their words or deeds on others. They should stop and ask how others will look on them. One of the best signs of a good conscience is sensitiveness as to the effects of one's life upon others. A deaf Christian goes to church every Sunday, because if her place remained unfilled, it would be deemed a lack of love on her part to her Lord. The moral value of an action cannot be measured until we learn its effect on others, and for this reason we should lay the measuring rod on the people who know us.—The Commonwealth.

Piano Recital.

On Friday evening, Jan. 25th, College Hall contained an audience assembled to hear the recital given by the piano pupils of Acadia Seminary. We notice an increase in the respectful attention of the audience at these evenings with the piano, which speaks well for the culture and appreciation of Wolfville people.

One of the ever welcome eight hand numbers, "Brahms Hungarian Dances," opened the programme. The young ladies played with ease and precision, and to one who realizes what labor such work costs, gave evidences of long and painstaking application. The shading of No. 18 was especially good. The sudden entrance of the forte and pianissimo passages were very effective. Brahms is recognized as the intellectual composer, par excellence, so when such works are properly presented, the educational advantage is apparent.

Little Miss Evelyn Starr, though not a prodigy, will make a good violinist, and added a very pleasing number to the programme. Her youth and modesty enhanced the interest of her appearance, and we hope to hear her frequently.

No. 3 was one of Jensen's weirdly beautiful things which one can listen to often and see new beauties each time. Miss Lounsbury has a brilliant touch, and will bring credit to the senior class, of which she is a worthy member.

The Duo, with Miss Portia Starr at the 1st, and W. L. Wright at the 2nd piano was a selection from Gounod's immortal Faust. The number was charming in arrangement and presentation. The two performers played sympathetically and in good style. Not every young lady could hold the prominent part against Mr. Wright's strength of finger, but Miss Starr succeeded admirably, and the audience was greatly pleased. Most students find the college course enough to tax their powers. We are glad that now and then the artistic nature breaks out in this northern atmosphere, and in Mr. Wright we have one who does excellent work both in the arts course and the art of music as well. Mr. M. G. White, another collegian, assisted in a vocal solo, which was well rendered and received. His pleasing voice found ample scope in the selection, and we note a decided improvement under his new teacher, Miss Drew.

Miss Orissa Cole played a difficult and taxing composition. The Liszt Cadenzas displayed exceptional technical training and brilliancy. Such work merits recognition and she received hearty applause. Few amateurs render Balakirew's "The Bark" so well.

The Finale was well chosen. The dainty, dancing, fairy character of Mozart's Magic Flute was admirably portrayed by four young ladies and made a strong bid for popularity. We hope we do not need to point out the excellence of concerted music, nor to say the piano department of the Seminary is doing strong work in this very important line. The management and the selection of the programme, the finish and technical excellence of the piano numbers reflects great credit on Miss Gillmore's ability and taste. We congratulate her as well as the school on the results as displayed Friday evening.—The Acadian.

A Posthumous Book by an Old-fashioned Baptist.

Mrs. Mary L. Tupper Witter, ever studious and a Bible lover, wrote a book during the last years of her life which her daughter, Mrs. F. D. Crawley, of Burma, has published in honor of her mother's memory. The book is, or will be, on sale at the Baptist Book Room in Halifax, the price being 35c. in stiff board covers, and 60c.

in cloth. These prices will indicate that the volume is published as a labor of love and not for gain.

Years ago, when the book was in preparation, I received a letter from Aunt Mary in which she asked me if I had ever seen an angel, and explained that as she was gathering material for a book on "Angels" she wished to know the experiences of Christians in various places. I was compelled to reply that I had never seen an angel. I fear I did not realize when I made this confession how much my aunt would regret that the joy of angelic visitations had never been mine.

In this book, to which she gave the title "Angels Good and Bad," appears as not only a careful study of the Scriptures relating to angels, but a statement of her faith and experience in respect to these celestial beings.

Mrs. Witter was a remarkably painstaking Bible student; profoundly interested in missions; ready to aid with her pen every good cause; pitiful towards the brute creation; a friend of God. No one could visit in her home, or converse with her, without feeling that to her the spiritual world was a reality. How precious to her own soul was her doctrine of angels this book reveals.

Is it possible that in our present day progress away from the mystical and supernatural, we are drifting from the real?  
O. C. S. WALLACE.

"Fear Thou Not, For I am With Thee."

The way is dark, so dark. Cloud after cloud  
Has fallen on my pathway, till they hide  
The beauty and the brightness of this world  
That once was filled with sunlight. All my way  
Lies in the shadow, and I long in vain  
For sunny upland slopes, and songs of birds.

"The way is dark, my child. I know it well  
For I am walking with thee, and the chill  
Of these dark clouds that shadow all thy path  
Falls on my heart before it reaches thine.  
For never, since that hour when midnight gloom  
Hid from my breaking heart the Father's face,  
Has one who loved me faced the dark alone.  
Fear not, my child, look up, lift up thine head;  
Above these fleeting shadows shines the sun;  
And just beyond, brightness and glory wait  
For those who tread the shaded pathways here."

The way is rough and long. With weary feet  
I struggle onward; but I only find  
A stony pathway, hedged with briars and thorns.  
The mountains rise before me, and my heart  
Grows faint beneath its burden.

"Yes, my child,  
The way is rough, but I am with thee still.  
Give me the heavy load that weighs thee down.  
I bore thy sins that I might have the right  
To bear thy sorrows. Let me take thy hand  
And stones and thorns shall vanish, for my love  
Shall bear thee safely to thy journey's end."

The way is lonely, and my spirit longs  
For sweet companionship with kindred minds;  
For human friendship, love, and sympathy;  
But I must shut my sorrows and my cares.  
In my own heart, and live my life alone.

Lonely! when I am with thee? Child of mine,  
Couldst thou but know how tender and how true,  
How strong my love, how deep my sympathy;  
And how I long to have thee bring to me  
Each anxious care, each boding fear of ill,  
Each hour of sorrow,—thou wouldst surely come  
And find in me a Friend who never fails.  
My heart is yearning o'er thee, let me be  
Thy Comforter and Friend, thy Strength and Stay."

The way is lonely still, and rough, and dark;  
But by my side, unseen, the Saviour walks,  
He holds my hand, and all within is peace.

(Isaiah 41: 10; 43: 2; 41: 13.) RUTH.

Resting in Him.

SUSANNA F. ELDER.

"In Me peace: in the world tribulation."—John 16: 33.  
Father, I come with all the doubts and questions  
That gather in my life,  
The rapid, wide, perplexing tide of thought  
Which floods my soul with strife.

The "Why" and "Wherefore"—the soul's  
hungry cry,  
When mystery shrouds in night,  
When hands stretch out in thickest darkness groping,  
And tear-dimmed eyes seek light.

All the unwoven threads of human thought  
I carry straight to Thee,  
The pattern Thou hast set me in life's loom  
I can but dimly see.

And yet I work upon the unseen web  
Sure I am tracing still  
Mid doubt and darkness, sorrow, joy or hope  
My Heavenly Father's will.

This much is given me to understand;  
Naught else I know,  
But I can work and wait, can trust and pray  
While this is so.

I cannot read the pages of my life  
Aright for one brief hour,  
I leave it all to Thee,—thine is the plan  
Thine the unfolding power.

I find it sweet to leave it thus to Thee,  
To say when mystery grows—  
I cannot tell what this or that may mean,  
My Father knows.

Hantsport, January, 1900.